

# Besprinkled in Scarlet Horror

## Tourniquet

Words verbose, gory to what end do they serve?  
Or images vivid, scarlet, horrors, absurd  
Of shrieking sounds that evoke the legions of hell  
The notes that you choose and the beats that you sell  
You're not giving all the glory to Him  
Because your artwork depicts a severed limb  
And all the people buy into your deceit  
Because you're keeping way too frantic a beat  
They said to Bach three hundred years ago  
"You work in the church there's something you should know  
We hired you to write music that glorifies  
But theses toccatas and fugues just simply horrify"  
He said, "They're simply notes put together in bars  
And why you think that's wrong I just throw up my arms"  
Eviscerate words that evoke emetic thoughts  
Dissect and discard what speaks of corpses in rot  
The leprous stumps of the sick and the lame  
The stoning of Stephen, Job's scab covered frame  
And John the Baptist, a head on a platter  
Remove this gorefest, why should it matter?  
You say this place beckons evil spirits  
But I care not what you call it  
To me it's two hundred beats per minute  
On tablature, I scrawled it  
If you arrived at the site  
Of Cavalry's scarlet fright  
Would fears have made your feet take flight  
And turn away from our Lord's plight?

Lyrics provided by

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